DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd; this world is broad enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide—
The realm of thought is free;
Of all earth's places you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from his door.
Of willing hands and honest heart
Alone should man be proud;
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud miss; your dainty silk
Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress;
This lovely world was never made
For you and I alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart,
By fostering all that's bad;
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right—give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

HYMN OF THE FATHERLAND.

It is related of the famous king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, that, after long and severe fighting, he conquered a strongly fortified town, in which were citizens who had been born within the limits of Swedish rule, but departed to seek new homes and take upon themselves new allegiance. These people he condemned to death. They were marched out from the town at nightfall to be held in camp until the following morning, when they were to be shot for treason. Several of his own officers interceded with the king for the lives of these poor people. But Gustavus felt that he had already granted enough. First, in the heat of his passion, he had consigned the whole tribe to death; but since then he had greatly modified the sentence, condemning to be shot only those of the former subjects of Sweden, who had been taken with arms in their hands; and from this no power of argument or persuasion could move him. All the talk of his old chaplain about these people having only joined their fellows in protecting the homes of their wives and children moved him not an atom. "They are traitors!" he said, "and as traitors they shall die." At a late hour—it was past midnight—Gustavus Adolphus threw on his cloak, drew his slouched hat over his eyes, and, staff in hand, wandered forth into the darkness. Without thinking whither he went, he walked slowly on, answering the sentinels as they hailed him, until at length his steps were arrested by a strain of music.

"Who is that?" he asked of a sentinel whom he chanced to meet a moment later.

"It is in one of the tents of the prisoners, sire. The wife and children of one of their chief men have had permission to spend the night with the husband and father."

The king nodded his thanks for the information, and moved on. Slowly he approached the tent whence the music had issued, and as he drew near he heard the sound of weeping and wailing, for the song had ceased. As he stopped by the rear of the tent he heard a deep manly voice.

"Hush! hush! weep not. God will provide!" the voice said.

The king looked in through a seam in the cloth and saw a gray-haired man, with an imposing presence, a grand face and head, and a clear, flashing eye, surrounded by his wife and children, who clung to him with passionate tenderness.

"Hush!" he said. "Let us not make these precious moments darker than they need be. It is but the fortune of war, my loves. Come, my Hermoine—sing to me once more our dear old song of the Fatherland, for though Gustavus will take my life, yet I love the land that gave me birth. God bless dear Sweden, now and ever more. Now, Hermoine, sing! Come—let thy voice give my poor heart cheer, if it may be.

Presently a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen summers threw back the silken hood from her golden curls and began to sing. Her song was the Swedes' oldest and most deeply cherished piece of heart music—the words full of love and devotion, love of home and country—and the melody was peculiarly sweet and touching. And never had the king heard it sung so grandly. The words fell upon his ears with a new meaning and the music touched the spirit with a strangely awakening power. As the melody swelled to grander and grander tones and the voice of the singer deepened and strengthened, the listener felt his heart hushed with awe; and finally, when the last rich cadence died away in mellow, melting echoes, he pressed his hands over his eyes and burst into tears.

After a time Gustavus lifted his head, and looking once more through the aperture in the wall of the tent he saw the family upon their knees and heard the voice of an old man raised in prayer. He listened for a few seconds, then turned and strode away toward his quarters, where he found two of his attendants waiting for him. To one of them he said:

"Colonel, I wish you to go to the prisoners' quarters, and in a large tent nearest the river—it is at the extreme northwestern corner of the camp—you will find the family of a prisoner named Hoven, and of the family is a girl named Hermoine. Bring her to me. Assure her that no harm shall befall her."

When the messenger had gone the king turned to his table, and having found the necessary materials he at once began to write. He wrote rapidly and heavily, like one moved by ponderous ideas; and he had just finished his work when the colonel appeared with the gentle songstress.

"Fear not, my child," the king said, as the maiden stood trembling before him; "I have sent for you because I wished to repay you for a great good you unconsciously did me this night. Do you call to mind that you sang the dear old song of the Vasas—the hymn of the Fatherland?"

"Yes, your Majesty; I sang it for my father, who is to die on the morrow. Though no longer in Sweden, he dearly loves the memory of the land that gave him birth."

"Well, I chanced to hear you sing, and you shall ere long know how your song affected me. Here, take this paper, and go with it to the officer commanding the camp of the prisoners. Colonel Gorsboro will go with you. And, my child, the next time you sing that song, think of Gustavus Adolphus Vasa, and bear witness that his heart was not all hard nor cold."

The girl looked up in the monarch's face as he held forth the paper, and when she saw the genial, kindly look that beamed upon her, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and caught his hand and kissed it.

And when she went away she bore with her the royal order for the free pardon and instant release of all the prisoners. The old general to whom the order was directed for promulgation and execution, was one of those who had earnestly pleaded in behalf of the condemned, and we can readily imagine the joy with which he received it. He fairly caught the beautiful messenger in his arms and kissed her upon the forehead and blessed her; and he went with her to the tent where her father was held and allowed her to publish the joyful tidings.

With the dawn of day the prisoners, to the number of over two hundred, were mustered into line, many of them believing their hour had come, to receive the intelligence of pardon and freedom.

What transpired beyond that can be imagined fully as well as we can tell it. We will only add that Gustavus Adolphus, by that act of mercy, secured friendship which was to be of incalculable value to him in coming time.

And one other thing. In less than a year from that time, Colonel Ulrich Forsby, of the king's staff, gained for a wife the beautiful singer whose sweet notes had melted the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, and given life and liberty and joy to suffering men.

A SUNBEAM.

The greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it into tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and out of it springs the tempest or the hurricane which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is, that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a guise.—*British Quarterly Review.*

THE SEVEN SWABIANS.

There were once Seven Swabians in company, the first of whom was named Schulz, the second Jacky, the third Marli, the fourth Jergli, the fifth Michael, the sixth Hans, and the seventh Veitli; and they were all traveling in search of adventures, and for the performance of mighty deeds. In order that they might not be without protection, they thought fit to carry along with them a very long and strong pole. Upon this they all seven held, and in front the boldest and most courageous man, who was Schulz, walked, while the others followed behind, and Veitli was last.

One day in July, after they had traveled some distance, and had nearly entered the village where they intended to pass the night, it happened that just as they came to a large meadow a hornet or dragon-fly flew out from behind a bush and hummed about the travelers in a warlike manner. Schulz was frightened and almost let go the pole, and the perspiration stood all over his body from terror. "Listen, listen!" he cried to his companions; "I hear a trumpeting!" Jacky, who was last but one in the row, and had got I know not what into his nose, exclaimed, "Something certainly is at hand for I can smell brimstone and powder!" At these words Schulz sprang over a hedge in a trice in his haste to escape, and, happening to alight on the prongs of a rake which was left in the field by the haymakers, the handle sprang up and gave him an awkward blow on the forehead. "Oh! oh! oh! woe is me!" cried Schulz; "take me prisoner, I give myself up, I surrender!" The six others thereupon jumped over the hedge too, and cried likewise, "We surrender if you surrender, we surrender if you surrender!"

At length, when they found no enemy came to bind and take them away, they saw they were deceived, and in order that the tale might not be told of them among the villagers, and they get laughed at and mocked, they took an oath among themselves never to say anything about it unless any one of them should open his mouth unawares.

After this adventure they went further, but the second danger they met with must not be compared with the first. For after several days had elapsed their road chanced to lead them through an unploughed field where a hare was lying asleep in the sun, with his ears pricked up to catch every sound, and his large, glossy eyes wide open. The Seven Swabians were terribly frightened at the sight of this frightful, ferocious animal, and they took counsel together what would be the least dangerous plan to adopt. For if they fled away it was to be feared that the monster would pursue them and cut them to pieces. So they resolved to stand and have a great battle; for, said they, "Bravely dared is half won!" All seven, therefore, grasped hold of their spear, Schulz being foremost and Veitli hindmost. But Schulz wanted to have the spear himself, whereupon Veitli flew into a passion and broke away.

Then the rest advanced together upon the dragon, but first Schulz crossed himself devoutly and invoked the assistance of Heaven. Then he marched on, but as he approached the enemy he felt very fearful and cried in great terror, "Han! hurlehau! han! hauhel!" This awoke the hare, who sprang away quite frightened, and when Schulz saw it flee he jumped for joy and shouted,

"Zounds, Veitli, what fools we are!
The monster after all is but a hare!"

After they had recovered their fright the Seven Swabians sought new adventures, and by-and-by they arrived at the river Moselle, a smooth and deep water over which there are not many bridges, but one must cross in boats to the other side. The Seven Swabians, however, were ignorant of this, and they therefore shouted to a man who was working on the other side of the river and asked him how they were to cross. But the man did not understand what they said on account of the distance and his ignorance of their language, and so he asked in his dialect "Wat? wat?" With this Schulz imagined the man said "Wade, wade through the stream;" and, being foremost on the bank, he jumped into the river and began to walk across. Soon he got out of his depth and sank in the deep driving current; but his hat was carried by the wind to the opposite shore. As it reached there a frog perched himself on it and croaked, "Wat! wat! wat!" This noise the six other Swabians, who then reached the bank, heard, and they said to each other, "Listen! does not Schulz call us? Well, if he could wade across we can also." With these words each one jumped into the river, but they also all sank; and so it happened that the frog caused the death of six Swabians, for nobody has heard of or seen them ever since.—*Grimm's Household Stories.*

IMPORTANT DATES.

The following will refresh the minds of our readers as to the dates of the most important inventions, discoveries and improvements, the advantages of which we enjoy:

Spinning wheel invented, 1330.
Paper first made of rags, 1447.
Muskets invented and first used in England, 1421.
Pumps invented, 1425.
Printing invented by Faust, 1441.
Fngraving on wood invented, 1460.
Post-Offices established in England, 1464.
Almanacs first published, 1470.
Printing introduced into England by Caxton, 1473.
Violins invented, 1417.
Maps and charts first brought to England, 1489.
Diamonds cut and polished, 1489.
Fortifications built in the present style, 1509.
Sugar refining first practised by the Venitians, 1502.
Roses first planted in England, 1505.
Watches first made at Nuremburg, 1504.
Soaps were first made at London and Bristol, 1504.
Camera-obscura invented, 1515.
Gun-lock invented at Nuremburg, 1517.
Punctuation first used in literature, 1520.
Spinning-jenny invented, 1759.

MAN'S THREE FRIENDS.

I have read of a man who had a suit, and when his cause was to be heard he applied himself to three friends, to see what they would do. One answered he would bring him as far on his journey as he could; the second promised him that he would go with him his journey's end; the third engaged to go before the judge, and to speak for him, and not to leave him till his cause was heard and determined. These three are a man's riches, his friends, and his graces; his riches will help him to comfortable accommodation, while they stay with him; but they often take leave of a man before his soul takes leave of his body; his friends will go with him to the grave, and then leave him; but his graces will accompany him before God. They will not leave him nor forsake him; they will go to the grave and to glory with him.—*Brooks.*

FASHION NOTES.

Chenille fringe is fashionable.
Plumes are shaded in many colors.
The owl's head is a favorite ornament.
The new Derby hat has a lower crown.
Cut jet is used for fine cloak trimmings.
Stripes appear in all the new dress goods.
The new color "grenouille" is frog-green.
The very small bonnets are quite out of style.
The Gainsborough reappears in an exaggerated form.
Watered ribbons with plush borders are to be worn.
Flowers run to roses and buds in deep rich colors.
Rough, colored straw appears in the new fall shapes.
"Canack" or chocolate gold comes in three shades.
The dolman will be the leading shape in cloaks.
Gilt will be as fashionable as ever the coming season.
Cloaks are to be longer this year than for some time past.
Cloth cloaks will generally be in darker colors than last season.
Plush and velvet promise to be the rival fabrics for winter dresses.
Satins are crowding out the plain gros-grain silks in solid colors.
Silver and gold tinsel is largely used with plush and other rich fabrics.
Colored beads of all sizes are to be used on millinery and on dress goods.
One of the coming fall bonnets is a capote with a bell crown and a soft full front.
Cashmere, satine, and diagonals are among the leading fall fabrics in plain body goods.

In this artificial life of ours it is not often we see a human face with all a heart's agony in it, uncontrolled by self-consciousness; when we do see it, it startles us as if we had suddenly waked into the real world, of which this every day one is but a puppet-show copy.—*George Eliot.*

TAKE ENOUGH SLEEP.

Said one of the oldest and most successful farmers in this State: "I do not care to have my men get up before five or half-past five in the morning, and if they go to bed early and can sleep soundly, they will do more work than if they got up at four or half-past four." We do not believe in the eight-hour law, but, nevertheless, are inclined to think that, as a general rule, we work too many hours on the farm. The best man we ever had to dig ditches seldom worked, when digging by the rod, more than nine hours a day. And it is so in chopping wood by the cord—the men who accomplish the most, work the fewest hours. They bring all their brain and muscle into exercise, and make every blow tell. A slow, plodding Dutchman may turn a grindstone or a fanning-mill better than an energetic Yankee, but this kind of work is mostly done by horse-power, and the farmer needs, above all else, a clear head, with all his faculties of mind and muscle light and active, and under complete control. Much, of course, depends on temperament, but, as a rule, such men need sound sleep and plenty of it. When a boy on the farm, we were told that Napoleon needed only four hour's sleep, and the old nonsense of "five hours for a man, six for a woman, and seven for a fool," was often quoted. But the truth is that Napoleon was enabled, in a great measure, to accomplish what he did from the faculty of sleeping soundly—of sleeping when he slept, and working when he worked. We have sat in one of his favorite traveling-carriages, and it was so arranged that he could lie down at full length—and when dashing through the country as fast as eight horses, frequently changed, could carry him, he slept soundly, and when he arrived at his destination was as fresh as if he had risen from a bed of down. Let farmers, and especially farmers' boys, have plenty to eat, nothing to "drink," and all the sleep they can take.

LEGENDS RELATING TO THE APPLE.

Of all fruits the apple seems to have had the earliest, widest, and most mystical history. In Greece the name of the hardy fruit which, having appeared on the earth about the same time as man, has followed him around the globe, became the name for sheep, and all manner of wealth, as in Rome the flock, pecus, became pecunia, or money. Theophrastus enumerated it as among the more civilized fruits, (urbaniores.) Tacitus says that it was the favorite fruit of the ancient Germans, and a shriveled apple is among the recoveries from the lake dwellings of Switzerland. The myths concerning it meets us in every age and country. Aphrodite bears it in her hand as well as Eve. The serpent guards it; the dragon watches it. It is celebrated by Solomon; it is the healing fruit of Arabian tales. Ulysses longs for it in the gardens of Alcinous; Tantalus grasps vainly for it in Hades. In the prose Edda it is written: "Iduna keeps in a box apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste to become young again. It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarok"—the general destruction. Azrael, the angel of death, accomplished his mission by holding it to the nostril; and in the Northern Folklore, "Snowdrop" is tempted to her death by an apple, half of which a crone has poisoned, but recovers life when the apple falls from her lips. The golden bird seeks the golden apples of the King's garden in many a Norse story; and when the tree bears no more, "Frau Bertha" reveals to her favorite that it is because a mouse gnaws at the tree's root. Indeed, the kind mother goddess is sometimes personified as an apple tree. But oftener the apple is the tempter in Northern mythology also, and sometimes makes the nose grow so that the sacred pear alone can bring it again to moderate size.

A Polish legend, given by Mannhadt, says: There is a glass mountain, on the top of which stands a golden castle, before which is a tree of golden apples. Many vainly try to get on the mountain; but at last the youth which has fastened the claws of a lynx to his hands and feet is successful. With the golden apple he calms a dragon which he finds at the entrance, and finally, having broken the spell that bound the princess, he must remain with her and not return to the lower earth. In the Goddess of Holla's garden the favorite fruits are the apple and the pear, the latter of which fruits retains its sanctity in France long after the introduction of Christianity.

A Hanoverian legend says that a girl was asked by the dwarfs to be the god-mother to one of their children. On the day fixed she was led down a beautiful staircase, which was under an apple tree in a court, to a superb garden, whose trees were laden with fruits. She was repaid for coming by an apronful of apples, which, when she returned to the earth's surface, were found to be of solid gold.

These golden apples are often met with in the Northern mythology. In some legends it is related that such may be taken from a tree growing over a fountain of holy water with a rejuvenating power—all of these myths being traceable to the tree and fountain of Urd, one of the Nornir. In the Edda, Skirnir offers eleven golden apples and the ring of Draupuir (from which, on every night, eight equally heavy rings drop), to Gerda, if she will return Freyr's love.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The fashionable "bend" of to-day is not so beautiful for women as the bend over the cradle, and the bend at the altar of prayer.

I like that wit whose fittest symbol is the playful pinch which a father gives to the cheek of his roguish boy, or the pretended bite which a mother prints upon the tempting, snowy shoulders of her babe.—*Ik Marvel.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night—the little lips touch ours,
The little arms enfold us;
And oh, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us!

Good-night! we answer back and smile,
And kiss the drooping eyes;
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise—

Who, in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips "Good-night?"

FARM AND GARDEN.

DEEP PLOWING.—The *Country Gentleman* recently had an excellent article on plowing, and as it is worthy the attention of all farmers we give a portion of it here. Deep plowing is not in the favor it was a few years ago, and in some localities and soils is absolutely injurious. Those who practice deep plowing do not commend it as the grand panacea for all the evils of poor soil and imperfect culture as was common only a few years ago. Regard is and should be had to circumstances. Nobody now would think of deep plowing on a light sand with little vegetable matter on the surface. To turn this under ten, eight, or even six inches, is to almost irreparably ruin the field. I know strong heavy soils with clay sub-soil where one deep plowing has required years of good culture and hundreds of loads of manure to get it into good condition for cropping. It is reasonable to suppose that this would be so. If we have manure enough to fertilize an acre to the depth of four inches, it will be less than half enough to fertilize eight inches deep, for the under strata is always poorer than the upper one, unless some previous deep plowing has reversed the natural order of things; and if it has, nature does its utmost to restore the true order. It is not only that natural manuring is always on the surface, but in dry weather and on dry soils fertility generally tends towards light and air. If the soil is always or mostly saturated with water, fertility may "leach" out. But usually the tendency is the other way. Capillary attraction brings water with all it holds in solution to the surface of the soil. Dissolve some potash, or lime, or phosphate in water, and turn it upon loose, loamy soil until saturated. The very next day a thick crust will be found on the surface, and if this be analyzed it will show that much of the mineral has been brought up with the water and left on the surface as it evaporated. It is this tendency of minerals to the surface which causes the hardening of soil that has been heavily manured with mineral fertilizers.

GOOD FARMING.—It is one sign of a good farmer if he prizes manure. It does not require a good farmer to raise bountiful crops on a farm already rich, but the art lies in so managing the farm that it will produce good crops every year without losing its fertility. A man may make money from his farm while he is wasteful of fertilizers, but he is not a good farmer, for he is constantly running his land into debt. Good farming consists of such management as will make the farm produce the best possible results without deteriorating the soil. This can only be accomplished by a rigid economy in the making and use of manure, and a systematic rotation of crops that will be the least exhaustive to the soil.

POOR BUTTER or cheese is always the first to feel the effects of a dull market. The best products are always inquired for, even on the poorest market.

THINGS TO MAKE A NOTE OF.

RYE MUFFINS.—Into a bowl put one and a half pints of rye, half a cupful of sugar, and a little salt; put into the sieve half a pint of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and two of cream tartar; or, if desired, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder may be used instead of the above; mix thoroughly with the flour, and then sift into the material in the bowl; mix all thoroughly while dry, and then add two well-beaten eggs, and milk enough to make a batter that will drop from the spoon readily; fill the muffin cups about two-thirds full, and bake in a quick oven.

BREAD CAKE.—Two cups of very light bread sponge; take one cup butter and lard mixed, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one tablespoonful cinnamon, half teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful rich milk, two eggs; mix these ingredients well, and add to the risen sponge, with flour to make as stiff as cup cake, and one cup of raisins; let rise until light, and bake slowly.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.—Seven pounds of tomatoes peeled and sliced; pour off the water, put in a kettle with three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, a two-ounce stick of cinnamon, one-half an ounce of whole cloves, and boil till thick.

GRILLADES.—These are made of tender beefsteak cut in pieces and cooked with vegetables, in the same way as the fish in court bouillon, except that thyme is omitted in seasoning, and a little lemon juice or half a teaspoonful of vinegar is added just before serving. Serve without toast.

POTTED FISH.—Take a fish, cut it into four pieces; after being thoroughly cleaned, put it into a stone pot; take a layer of fish and cover with a little salt, spices, Chili peppers and bay leaves; then another layer, and then so on till the pot is full; fill the pot with vinegar and close it tightly, put it in the oven for three hours; don't let it dry, and add more vinegar if required.

ORANGE SPONGE CAKE.—Take two cups of flour, two cups of sugar, five eggs, one orange, half a cup of water, half a teaspoonful of soda, teaspoonful of cream tartar. Beat the yelk of all the eggs and whites of only three with the sugar till they are very light, add the juice and grated rind of the orange, dissolve soda in the water, and mix well the cream tartar in flour. Bake in shallow pans.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, whites and yelks beaten separately; one cup powdered sugar, one cup flour, with one teaspoonful baking powder sifted with it, flavoring; lastly, a scant half cup boiling water stirred in. Bake slowly. This is delicious. Bake in tins four by eight inches, and two inches high. Frost when done. Check off into squares, stick the half of an English walnut on each block, and you have a pretty basket of cake. Try it.

FISH PIE.—Take pie-crust, bacon, codfish, fresh; one onion, pepper and salt; make a pie-crust of suet, flour and warm water, put it round the baking dish, place at the bottom a few pieces of bacon, then the codfish; sprinkle over it the onion finely chopped, salt, pepper and a little flour, a few pieces more bacon, and a very little water, cover with crust and bake in a quick oven. Serve with boiled parsnips, turnips and baked potatoes.